

THE GALLAUDET GUIDE, AND DEAF-MUTES' COMPANION.

An Independent Monthly Journal --- Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

VOL. 2.

{ AMOS SMITH, JR. }
Editor.

BOSTON, MASS., DECEMBER, 1861.

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NO. 12.

Marriage of the Deaf and Dumb.

No word! no sound! and yet a solemn rite
Proceedeth 'mid the festive lighted hall.
Hearts are in treaty—and the soul doth take
That oath, which unsolved must stand, till death,
With icy seal, doth close the scroll of life.

No word! no sound! and still you holy man,
With strong and graceful gesture, hath imposed
The irrevocable vow; and, with meek prayer,
Hath sent it to be registered in Heaven.
Methinks this silence heavily doth brood
Upon the spirit. Say, thou flower-crowned bride,
What means the sigh that from thy ruby lip
Doth 'scape, as if to seek some element
That angels breathe?

Mute!—mute!—'tis passing strange!
Like necromancy all. And yet 'tis well:
For the deep trust with which a maiden casts
Her all of earth—perchance her all of Heaven,
Into a mortal hand—the confidence
With which she turns in every thought to him,
Her more than brother, and her next to God,
Hath never yet been meted out in words,
Or weighed with language.

So, ye voiceless pair,
Pass on in hope. For ye may build as firm
Your silent altar in each other's heart,
And catch the sunshine through the clouds of time,
As cheerily as though the pomp of speech
Did herald forth the deed. And when ye dwell
Where flowers fade not, and death no treasured tith
Hath power to sever more—ye need not mourn
The ear sequestered and the tongueless tongue;
For there the eternal dialect of love
Is the free breath of every happy soul.

Hoops.

BY A COOPERS.

Hoops are barrels, kegs and palls,
Hoops on boxes, tubs and bales,
Are articles indispensable—
But hoops as they puff out woman's dress,
Making the woman seem so much less,
Are things most indefensible.

Hoops, when their sturdy clasp confines,
In brown old casks the richest wines,
Are objects of admiration—
But hoops as part of woman's baggage,
Are like the whoops of a painted savage,
A vile abomination.

Hoops make useful, pretty toys,
For active little girls and boys,
But hoops on woman gentle,
Are things to sneer at and to scoff,
And like the whoop of a whooping-cough,
Neither useful nor ornamental.

For while dear woman bones her skirts,
And with a skeleton flaunts and flirts,
She has so much to carry,
Man finds it hard with her to talk,
And harder still to sit or walk,
But hardest of all to marry.

For when a smitten wretch has seen
Among the lost in circoline,
The one his heart holds dearer,
Oh! what a chill to ardent passion,
To feel that thro' this hollow fashion
He never can be near!

That instead of timidly drawing near,
And pouring into the thrilling ear
The flood of his soul's devotion,
He must stand and bellow in thunder tones,
Across half an acre of skirt and bones,
As if hailing a ship on the ocean.

And if by chance the maid of his choice,
Shall faintly hear her lover's voice,
And smile her condescension—
Why he captures a mass of hoops and rings,
Skeltons, bones, and other things,
Too horrible to mention.

Thus lovely woman hoops to folly,
And drives poor man to melancholy,
By her great frigid zones;
Then let her hear a warning voice,
Between her hoops and hopes make choice,
And give the dogs her bones.

For the Guide.

"THE SCARECROW."

BY LIZZIE.

"There is Farmer Stubbs's Scarecrow!"
exclaimed Frank Harwood in a careless,
off-hand way to his companion, a tall,
aristocratic-looking gentleman who was,
like himself, dressed in sportsman's costume.

Jervis Wilde, for that was his name, did
not at first reply to the observation of his
friend. He was looking at the little girl
who stood on the out-skirts of a large
cornfield, and with clapper in hand repre-
sented the Scarecrow. One would think,
from his spell-bound gaze, he was struck
with her appearance, which was not devoid
of interest. She presented a model of child-
ish beauty. Apparently ten years of age; she
was small and delicate in stature, yet her
coarse peasant garb could not conceal the

perfect symmetry of her form, which
possessed all the graceful roundness of
childhood. Her face was a perfect oval,
and, where not embrowned, by exposure,
presented a skin of dazzling fairness;
large, deep violet eyes looked out from
beneath long fringed lashes, and were over-
arched by delicately curved brows. Lux-
uriant curls of a rich golden hue enshrined
this rare picture of loveliness and lent a
charm attributed to Raphael's picture of
Maria De Bibbenia. Yet a close observer
like Jervis Wilde could not fail to note a
certain wistfulness of expression in the
dark, almond shaped eyes, which almost
approached sadness, and was the more
touching to behold in one so young, at the
same time mark an air of high-born grace
in the proud poise of the shapely little
head which one seldom meets in the
children of the lower class.

The young gentlemen had stood in such
a way as to see without being seen, and yet,
although the child must have overheard
the remark of Mr. Harwood, she remained
self-absorbed, and to all appearances totally
unconscious of their presence. At length
Jervis Wilde noticed this and commented
upon it to his friend Frank; who replied:

"Oh nothing strange, only I forgot to
tell you she is deaf and dumb, but hurry
along, I am deuced hungry and can't stop to
play the agreeable to little Rose just now."

"But whose child is she, and where does
she live?" questioned the pertinacious Mr.
Wilde detaining his companion.

"Well really one would think you were
interested in the little Scarecrow. A case
of love at first sight by Jove! But think,
reflect" continued the voluble Frank in
mock serious tone; "what will the world
say should the Right Honorable Jervis
Wilde millionaire, misanthrope and woman-
hater, after having passed a youth of
indifference to the high-born beauties of
his own country; encountered the artillery
of gay, bright-eyed French demoiselles
unscathed; heard the languishing Italian
signoras breathe their love-provoking sighs
unmoved; remained impervious to the
domestic accomplishments of the fair-haired
German frauleins. After having crossed
the Atlantic to 'the land of the brave and
home of the free,' where a man might
surely be suited, who could have his
choice of the fairest, duskiest and darkest
among the white, black, yellow, and red
skinned damsels of that mongrel race. I
repeat, what would the world say should
you now, after all these varied experiences
and after having arrived at years of
discretion, take it into your head to fall in
love with a deaf and dumb Scarecrow?"

"I am interested in this child answered
Jervis Wilde earnestly, but do stop your
nonsense and answer my question."

"Well replied Frank, truly, honestly,
and briefly, I can only say, that she is the
child of a widow, who recently came
into this place, and, I believe occupies one
of your cottages, adjoining Mr. Stubbs's
farm. She is miserably poor, and obliged
to hire her little girl to Farmer Stubbs, to
keep the crows out of his cornfield."

Jervis Wilde now purposely advanced
in sight of the little deaf-mute; who on
beholding two strange gentlemen thus
unexpectedly brought to view, was natu-
rally startled, and it seemed her first impulse
to run away. Mr. Wilde offered her an
apple, which arrested her retreat. She
stopped, and looked up shyly into his coun-
tenance, which evidently reassured her;
for there was an expression of mingled
admiration, deference, and tender compas-
sion on the noble, but somewhat melancholy
face of Jervis Wilde; and the simple act

of offering the fruit, done with all the
respectful courtesy he would have shown
a noble lady in her own drawing-room,
was in itself a token of sympathetic good-
will, which the simple child, with the quick
intuition of her unfortunate class rightly
understood. Her countenance lit up with
pleased animation, her cheeks became
suffused with a rosy glow; she advanced
with modest grace, took the proffered
fruit, smiled sweetly, and courtesied her
thanks in the most lady-like manner imag-
inable.

"Upon my word, a fascinating little
scarecrow! No! I will not apply that
term to her again," said Mr. Harwood, "for
she has the air and manner of a true born
little lady. But do come, I am half
famished after this day's sport, and long
for a taste of these fine partridges, in my
pouch." Jervis Wilde now suffered himself
to be drawn away by his companion.

"Only think what a destiny is her's," said
he gravely, "young, untaught, unfortunate,
and gifted with the dangerous heritage of
beauty, which, when womanhood shall
develop to its wondrous perfection, will
from her very misfortune, poverty, and
ignorance prove a double snare."

"Suppose you adopt her and send her
to some institution for the Deaf and Dumb,"
suggested Frank. It would be a good
plan and I own I feel an interest in her
welfare. No one would think strange for
you to do it, as you have the name of
being eccentric as well as philanthropic."

"Thank you a thousand times for the
suggestion, replied Mr. Wilde, it is the
most sensible speech I ever heard you
make. I was thinking of the same thing
myself, only wondering how it could be
carried out. If I can obtain her mother's
consent to part with her, I am determined
the little Rose shall be educated."

Jervis Wilde thus made up his mind to
take the little deaf-mute under his guardian-
ship. It was not the mere fact of her
misfortune which had thus moved his
interest in her favor, although it appealed
powerfully to his benevolent nature, nor
yet was it her beauty. True Jervis Wilde
was a great admirer of feminine beauty,
yet here he was at one-and-thirty, un-
wed, with the name of woman-hater. The
world had indeed once called him a "dis-
appointed man" but that was long, long
ago. In fact he could have been scarcely
more than a mere boy when he loved
Norah Vivian and since then, long years
had passed away. He had travelled
through Europe and America, and surely
the passion of his boyhood had disappeared
before the more earnest life of the man.
And yet to-day, just now, memory seemed
busy with the long buried past. He could
not help associating the little deaf-mute
with the image of Norah; his Norah
whom he had loved so truly, deeply and
passionately. The happy days of their
brief engagement recurred to him. She
was by his side; her deep violet eyes look-
ing into his own, filled with all the shy
tenderness of a true woman's devoted love.
But then, oh then came the sting and he
essayd to cast out further thought, for
there was darkness, despair, madness when
the stern facts of her faithlessness forced
themselves upon him, like demons, who
come unbidden to our slumbers, and break
the spell of some blissful vision, we had but
just begun to dream was a reality. Was
it for this, he mused bitterly, that he had
returned home—to be confronted as it were
on his very threshold by the disappointment,
which had robbed his youth of all hope;
shorn his manhood of all ambition; and
lain like "a troubled memory on his breast,"

through these long, weary years of absence.
Thus the ghosts of the dead past haunted
him that evening as he sat by his lonely
hearth. The very coals in the grate,
seeming to his excited imagination to enact
the scenes of by-gone times. He beheld
a gay bridal party. The bride was young,
beautiful, but oh, pale very pale. Her
violet eyes were down cast and "heavy
with unshed tears." Diamonds and rare
gems sparkled among her golden tresses.
The white haired bridegroom was, on the
contrary, jubilant and triumphant as any
conqueror marching to the temple where he
was to receive a laurel crown.

It was not many days after the meeting
with Rose in Farmer Stubbs's corn-field
ere Mr. Wilde found himself at leisure to
call upon her mother, in reference to the
project he had formed for her education.
He found Mrs. Weston living in one of
his cottages as Frank Harwood had said.
She was a woman of middle age, but pre-
maturely old, and broken down from care,
trouble, or hard work. Her manners, and
conversation, however indicated that she
had belonged to, or associated with people
of a better class, than that to which she
was now reduced. Rose was absent as

usual in Farmer Stubbs's corn-field. Mr.
Wilde after introducing himself, and
making a few common-place remarks,
made known in as brief terms as was
consistent with the subject, the errand
which had brought him thither. Tears of
gratitude came into the poor woman's eyes
as she heard him express such kind, and
substantial interest in Rose. She replied
"that it had long been her earnest desire,
to see the dear child enjoy the same advan-
tages of education with other children; for
she felt it would make her happier in the
future if she could obtain an education and
thus be enabled to enjoy intercourse with
others. Indeed she assured him she could
not sufficiently express her deep sense of
thankfulness, for the unexpected help,
which had thus providentially come, when
she had scarcely dared allow herself to
think her hopes that Rose would one day
receive an education could ever be realized."

She only stipulated that she should be kept
informed from time to time as he heard
from Rose while away at school. That in
case Rose should be sick, she should go
to her; and that she should spend
portions of her vacations with her, for
she added: "I am but a poor, lone
woman, with neither kith nor kin to care
for me, only Rose, and she loves me dearly,
as I love her." To all these propositions,
Mr. Wilde readily assented. He then left
Mrs. Weston's cottage with the understand-
ing that she was to bring Rose to Wilde
Hall on the following morning, for his
housekeeper to get in readiness to go to
school. During this interview with Mrs.
Weston, Mr. Wilde had not failed to
observe that she never once spoke of Rose
in the possessive case as a mother habitually
does when speaking of her children.
This not only struck him as strange, but
led him to reflect, and being gifted with
super-abundant imagination, his cogitations
ended in the conclusion that there was
some mystery enveloping his little *protege*
which time alone would unfold.

The next day punctual to her promise,
Mrs. Weston came to the Hall with Rose,
and was shown into the housekeeper's
room. Mrs. Bibber was prepared to
receive them; for Mr. Wilde had made
her acquainted with the case of his little
protege. She told Mrs. Weston that Mr.
Wilde wished her to remain at the Hall
with Rose until they got her in readiness to

go to London, and then accompany her with
himself, as he thought the separation would
thus be rendered less unpleasant both to
Rose and her mother. Rose was soon
perfectly at home at Wilde Hall, and a
favorite with all, from the master down to
the humblest domestic. Aside from the
novelty of her case, her intelligence and
beauty, she possessed a gentle docility of
disposition united to a certain piquancy of
manner which rendered her irresistibly
charming. She was a perfect little chatter-
box too in her graceful pantomimic way,
and would mimic with the power of a
young actress. She was also very affec-
tionate and lavished her caresses upon her
favorites with unbounded prodigality.
Under Mrs. Bibber's active superintend-
ence, she was soon prepared with a war-
robe, and every thing necessary for a
school-girl, and one bright morning, in
early October, Mr. Wilde and Mrs. Weston
with Rose, took the cars for London. Here
they arrived after a few hours pleasant
ride and immediately took a coach to the
Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, which
was situated in the suburbs of the city.
They found a lady in the coach who was
going to the Institution with her son, a
coarse freckled-face, overgrown boy of
fourteen, whom she designated as "her
darling little Willie."

When not moun-
ching cake and teasing his mother for more,
he amused himself by making mouths at
Rose, who shrank from him as the delicate
and refined will shrink from the coarse and
rude. The Institution, a handsome, white
brick building, girdled twice round with
piazzas,—commanded a fine location on a
high hill, overlooking the majestic river
Thames. In fact the hill was so high that
the entrance could only be reached by
mounting a long flight of stone steps. Mr.
Wilde was much pleased with the princi-
pal and matron, who were evidently
persons of superior culture, and eminently
fitted for the responsible post they filled.

Mrs. Golding entreated that "her Darling
little Willie" might be allowed to stay in
the girls' department, for she feared the
boys would spoil her (tender?) child.
As it was now recess, Rose, who appeared
much taken up by the novelty of her sur-
rounding, and especially pleased to see so
many girls of her own age all talking
in signs, shyly made her way towards a
group of little girls, who were evidently
discussing her. One black-eyed little
brunette came forward to meet her, and
put her arms around her in true child
fashion. This act of affectionate welcome
emboldened the others who had held back
from bashfulness, and they now gathered
around Rose, telegraphing signals after the
manner of Deaf-mutes. Mr. Wilde
thought this a favorable time to take leave
of Rose and with Mrs. Weston he went
up to her, and made her understand they
were going home. They both stooped
down and kissed her tenderly, and Mr.
Wilde placed a box of bon-bons in her
hand. Rose was so much taken up with
her new friends, she did not then appear
to realize the separation, although she
warmly returned their affectionate adieux.
Not so with "Darling little Willie," for
when he found his mother was going to
leave him, he clung to her dress like a
two-year-old-baby, and upon being forced
away from her, gave vent to his manly
sorrow in loud prolonged roars. His up-
roarious grief soon gave place to rage,
which he vented by attempting to bite and
kick his would-be-comforters, and alto-
gether showed himself such a young wild
geast, that Mr. Howard, the principal,
deemed him no fit inmate of the girls'

department, or indeed any department,
except a solitary one, at least for the
present. Hither he was conveyed and left
to "digest the venom of his spleen" by
himself. Meanwhile Rose distributed her
bon-bons among her new friends, not reserv-
ing a solitary one for herself, where upon
the black-eyed brunette, Agnes gave back
some of hers. That evening Rose, for the
first time realised that she was in a
strange place, and among strangers. She
ran to the matron and bursting into tears
exclaimed in signs, "I want to go home, I
want to see mother." She sobbed herself
to sleep. That was the end of her home-
sickness. The next day she went into
school and manifested an eager interest in
her studies. She gave proof of uncom-
mon intellectual capacity and improved
rapidly; in fact as her teacher wrote Mr.
Wilde at the end of a month; her improve-
ment was visible from day to day. Her
loveliness made her a general favorite with
all in the establishment. At the end of
three months Mrs. Weston received a
letter from her; also Mr. Wilde. His
was found years after carefully preserved.
It was written between two ruled lines to
make the letters even and straight and ran
as follows:

"Dear Guardian:

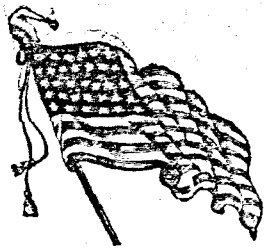
"I want to see you very much. Every
day. Miss Sherwood teaches me.
She gave me a box of paints; I love her
very much. I have been punished only
once. Miss Sherwood told me to take
my seat, I said I could not take it for it
was heavy, so she punished me. I go to
walk every day with Agnes, and see many
pretty flowers. I send much love to you.
Good bye, dear guardian. Rose."

Mr. Wilde was much amused at the
witty rejoinder which brought down the
punishment, and at the naive simplicity
which led her to write about it.

When she returned to Wilde Hall, in
the spring vacation, all were astonished at
her rapid progress. She taught Mr. Wilde
the Manual Alphabet. He seemed to like
to have her with him in his library and in
his drives. Her sweet temper, childlike
playfulness, and quick sympathies were
refreshing to the lone, melancholy spirit of
the misanthropic man. Thus seven years
passed rapidly away. Each vacation as it
brought Rose home showed that while she
progressed in knowledge, and developed
towards a beautiful womanhood, she re-
tained the remarkable truthfulness, and
engaging simplicity which had marked her
childhood, and at the same time evinced the
winning gentleness, and quick sensibility
of an essentially high-toned feminine nature.
Her school days were now drawing to a
close. It wanted but one term ere she
would graduate. Mrs. Weston was look-
ing eagerly forward to the time when she
could have her dear pet with her once
more.

But this wish of her heart was never to
be gratified. I must here say that she
had at Mr. Wilde's earnest request taken
up her abode at Wilde Hall. Her health
which had long been feeble, now succumbed
to a severe attack of disease. It was evi-
dent she could not live many days. One
evening when the wind howled in sullen
wrath among the lordly oaks and wide
branched elms, which surrounded Wilde
Hall, as though enraged at the approach
of the Storm King, Mr. Wilde received a
summons to the dying woman's bedside.
She requested to be alone with him.
And Mrs. Bibber after making sundry
adjustments for her comfort, left the room.
"I have called you," began Mrs. Weston, in

Concluded on 4th page.



BOSTON MUNICIPAL ELECTION. MONDAY, DECEMBER 9th, 1861.

FOR MAYOR.

EDWARD S. TOBEY.

The Gallaudet Guide, AND DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1861.

This number completes the second volume of the *Gallaudet Guide*, and with it, our connection as Editor terminates. We take leave of its readers with regret, and yet with joy—with regret, because our relations with all have been of the most happy and agreeable character—with joy, because we are thereby relieved of great labor. We entered upon the Volume now closed when

"Days were dark and friends were few," and if, in the short time that we have had charge of the paper, we have been the means of securing for it a permanent career, we shall feel that we have been amply compensated for all our efforts and pains. No one doubts that with a suitable person in the editorial department that the paper can go on, and the time yet come when it cannot be dispensed with. In the ability of our successor, Mr. WING, we have the fullest confidence. Backed up as he will be by an able and energetic Executive Committee and by the powerful influence of the Hartford Asylum, which latter we did not have, it will be unpardonable if it should fail.

Opposed with might and main by the Hartford Asylum, for the reason that we dared to do our own thinking, and would not allow her or any one else to do it for us—a little band by ourselves, all alone,—we have fought our way through, to have now the satisfaction of seeing our year one of complete success and triumph.

To our correspondents, particularly to R. Pallette, Senex, Lizzie, En Avant, Neb Lobsterclaws, the Manual Alphabet, and others we return our thanks for their profuse favors, for their uniform promptness,—for their kindness in sustaining us in many of our positions, and for the clear and always correct elucidation of our views. We regret we shall see no more in the future, of the Tattler or of Senex.

To President BROWN, we are also under great obligations, for the interest he has manifested in our paper, for his friendly exertions to extend its circulation, and for his kind letter, on the occasion of our contemplated retirement, in another column.

To Mr. BARRETT, we desire also to make our acknowledgements for his careful and prompt attention to all enquiries and requests of correspondents and patrons, whereby our own labor has been greatly lessened.

To Messrs. HOMER, ROWE and CHASE, too, we are under infinite obligations for their brotherly aid on various occasions as also.

To our printer, Mr. SPOONER, whom we will not forget for the prompt, faithful and creditable manner in which he has got out each successive issue of the paper.

To our patrons and friends generally we have to return our thanks for their generous and friendly aid; for the encouragement they have on all occasions given us, and for the charity with which they have regarded our imperfections.

Upon them all we invoke the blessings of the Most High.

To such as may have felt aggrieved by any word or act of ours, we say, our motto has ever been "fair play is a jewel," and any exception that might have been taken, or any complaint that might have been made would with great pleasure have been permitted a place in our columns. But no exception has been taken, nor has any complaint been made to our face. Attack a man when he is up, not when he is down,—never after he is gone, for that is cowardly.

And finally, To all we say—our latch string is always out—when you come our way don't forget—always your friend—once your chosen mouth-piece.

Subscribers in arrears to the *Guide* will please forward their subscriptions to Charles Barrett Esq., care Wm. G. Clark, 5½ Joy's Building, Boston.

Gov. Andrew and the entire Republican state ticket are re-elected. Mr. Rice is also re-elected Register of Deeds of Suffolk County, by an almost unanimous vote. The Boston Municipal Election takes place Monday, 9th instant; Edward S. Tobey is the man. Bostonians give him your vote.

A SMART MUTE BOY.—Gov. Andrew and his council, accompanied by Gov. Buckingham of Connecticut, visited the asylum for the deaf and dumb at Hartford, Tuesday morning, Nov. 12. The Massachusetts beneficiaries, 79 in number, were each introduced by name and shook hands with Gov. Andrew, and then they were examined in their school duties. Some of the boys were pretty sharp with their visitors. One of them asked Gov. Andrew (writing on a blackboard) why he appointed Thanksgiving on the 21st instead of the 28th, like other governors. He explained that in these times it was well to consult the example of our ancestors, and the 21st was the anniversary of the signing of the original compact on board the "Mayflower." Then the boy inquired why Gov. Buckingham didn't appoint it on the 21st too. To which Gov. Buckingham replied that he did not choose to follow even so distinguished an example as that of Gov. Andrew. Then the boy wrote on the black-board: "He goes on his own hook."

The annual fair of St. Ann's church for Deaf Mutes, N. Y., takes place this month. It is expected to eclipse any thing of the kind got up for years.

We were happy to receive a letter the other day from our friend Dr. Charles A. Nute of Wisconsin. The numerous friends of the Doctor will be glad to learn that he is doing well at Atwater.

The report that Prof. Whiton is engaged upon a new text book for use in our public schools is a fabrication. Although perfectly competent to the task, the sole ambition of our friend, is to plough and manure the minds of his own pupils, who we understand, very seldom fail to win Prize No. 1 at the Annual Examination of the several classes in his Institution.

We were in error in stating in a late issue that Mr. WING had accepted a tutorship in the Hartford Asylum. His address is at Bangor, Maine.

A GREAT mistake. The publication of the *Guide* at Hartford. Give ear, oh my people, when doth thy independence day come? Why run to Hartford every time you are in distress as a little child runs to its parents?

"REPUBLICS are ungrateful." Witness the removal of the noble Fremont.

Married, in Charlestown, Sunday Evening, Nov. 17 by Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone, Wm. K. Chase Esq., to Miss Sarah C. Badger, both of C.—

ANOTHER LAURA BRIDGMAN.—Mr. C. D. Dillaway, of Fall River, Mass., has a daughter who is one of the wonders of the age. She is deaf, dumb and blind, her right limbs are paralyzed, she is confined to her bed, cannot be moved, much without being thrown into a fit—yet she will converse fluently with the mute alphabet, writes very legibly with her left hand, reads common writing on a paper or slate, or print (if the book be not too much worn,) by passing her fingers over the words. She will also distinguish the different colors of a variegated dress in the same way. She has wrought several pieces of crewel-work that would be a credit to any girl of her age, selecting and arranging all the colors by feeling and using only her hand. She plays draft and backgammon expertly. She knows when any one comes into the room by the jar of the bed (on which she constantly lies,) and can in this way distinguish the different members of the family.—*Plymouth Rock.*

DUMB SHOW.—Lord Seaforth, who was born deaf and dumb, was to dine one day with Lord Melville. Just before the time of the company's arrival, Lady Melville sent into the drawing-room a lady of her acquaintance, who could talk with her fingers to dumb people, that she might receive Lord Seaforth. Presently Lord Guilford entered the room; and the lady, taking him for Lord Seaforth, began to ply her fingers very nimbly. Lord Guilford did the same; and they had been carrying on a conversation in this manner for about ten minutes, when Lady Melville joined them. Her female friend immediately said: "Well, I have been talking away to this dumb man." "Dumb!" cried Lord

Guilford; "bless me, I thought you were dumb." I told this story (which is perfectly true) to Matthews; and he said that he could make excellent use of it at one of his evening entertainments; but I know not if ever he did.—*Rogers's Tattler.*

Letter from President Brown.

MR. EDITOR.—The fall harvest which has kept the farmer busy like unto the bee is now over, and I think it proper for me before your retirement from the editorial post to write a few words for our little sheet. While the affairs of the country wear a gloomy aspect and business, in almost every form, is more or less affected by the civil war now unhappily raging, the farmer has cause for thankfulness to the gracious Giver of every good and perfect gift, for the abundant harvest—that he has crowned his toil and anxious care with so much success.

It is no more than justice to say that you retire with our grateful remembrance for your services, satisfactory generally, and you go with our best wishes for your happiness and success in life, and with our hope that you will continue your usefulness to our Association and its organ with your ever ready help and advice.

It is hoped that the *Guide* will continue to receive a liberal patronage; that the officers and agents of our Association will use their best exertions to extend its circulation.

On my part, Mr. Editor, you have my unfeigned thanks for the kind regard you have shown me and my best wishes for happiness in your family.

My immediate friends, subscribers to the *Guide*, seem to take a warm interest in its prosperity. In Hillsboro' Bridge alone it is taken by the first men; one a successful market trader—another the gentlemanly landlord of the American Hotel—two active cattle traders, one worthy butcher, three extensive saw and grist millers, two merchants of high standing—one successful livery stableman, an experienced farmer and manager of horses—a retired merchant of wealth, an accomplished physician, a skillful lawyer, the postmaster of the place, &c., &c.

I cannot refrain from here expressing my thanks to my elderly and highly honored neighbor who made kind mention of my family in one of the recent *Guides*. The names, dates, &c., were accurately given. May his life be spared many years yet for continued usefulness.

I take this occasion also to express my thanks to our friends and patrons generally, for the kind interest with which they have regarded our enterprise. May God bless it, and enable us to go ahead.

THOMAS BROWN,
President N. E. G. A. D. M.
W. Henniker, N. H., Nov. 11, 1861.

[Owing to the crowded state of our columns we were obliged to omit certain portions of Mr. Brown's letter. The portions thus left out related principally to the duties of the Executive Committee, and paying a tribute to his early friend and teacher Dr. Gallaudet.]

THE TATTLER.

LETTER XX.

MR. EDITOR.—A short letter this will be; and likely the last that the Tattler will ever send to the columns of the *Guide*, as it has for some months past been his intention to cease his regular correspondence as a tattler with said journal. Hereupon he will avail himself of this opportunity to state some pertinent views on the matter broached by the mute graduates residing in Massachusetts,—this matter he has hitherto abstained from discussing.

Their scheme—it has been proposed that a new, independent institution should be established somewhere in the Bay State, with an educational system radically different from that which is pursued at all the American Institutions—perhaps with the exception of the Kentucky Institution. Much has been argued for and against the proposition. And it has been and is still, he believes, under legislative consideration.

As far as he has ascertained the nature of the system intended for the new Institution, he finds it similar, in the main, to his favorite theory which he wrote and inserted in the American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb; and being fully satisfied with the fact, he now comes forward to endorse the scheme, and trusts that your legislature will consider and digest his arguments fully and thoroughly, with a single eye to the mental and moral welfare of their uneducated mutes.

His reasons why such an establishment should by all means be erected in your State, are:—

I. The present system of education is far from being the *ne plus ultra* of perfection, and, as it is a fixed institution by reason of its having taken root quite deeply in the soil, will continue for many years.

II. The modus operandi of this system employed in school-rooms without judgment, and to such an excess as to damage the pupil's understanding of the English Grammar. The result of this operation is,—as the issue and circulation of bank-notes, far exceeding specie in amount often proved detrimental to the interests of the public, so the natural signs, always exceeding words in number and use, retard the pupil's progress in knowledge of the grammar. The convenience of natural signs, used *ad libitum*, has often been asserted by teachers who like "easy work," as being good for mute pupils. Well, as an example of their operation, he will here translate *in literam* a sentence given in natural signs!

"Yesterday man a go house elephant lion animals other different see."

To the uninitiate this jargon is absolutely Greek; but the mutes, familiar with natural signs, understand it,—yet they cannot write it quite as grammatically as may be expected.

III. The principle of grammar is not every day, but occasionally (far between, if I may so express myself) expounded to the pupils. Hence, they—even the most intelligent themselves—uniformly commit grammatical blunders, which cannot fail to vex their teachers.

By the way, teachers have often been observed to correct the errors in their pupils' compositions without any explanation of the principles of grammar, otherwise, as they justly remarked, it would require much more time to do so in *large classes*.

Not that the Tattler is averse to the use of Signs—even natural signs—in school-rooms, but he is opposed, decidedly so, to this excessive and unnecessary use. In this Mr. Jacobs, the Principal of the Kentucky Institution sides with him; and he (Mr. Jacobs) further says the signs should be given in a manner analogous to that which is spoken by the tongue or fingers. This is what he calls methodical signs.

The Tattler understands that in the proposed Massachusetts Institution, signs will be used very sparingly, and the grammar will be taught every day. He is sure that her pupils, thus taught, will go ahead of all the pupils of other institutions.

There is another matter worthy of consideration. This is the separation of sexes. It is a necessity which cannot be denied by any Principal, or teacher, or else they would be *nailed as false coins to the counter*.

Colleges and Seminaries are not found anywhere to contain scholars of both sexes together. This simple statement and its wherefore, *unexplained here*, will no doubt suffice to convince the most stubborn sceptic of the necessity of the separation of sexes in deaf-mute institutions. Upon these considerations, your honorable legislature is urged to establish two Institutions for Deaf-mutes,—a suitable building at some proper place for boys, and another, for girls, at another place, far from the above. Such a thing, if carried into effect, will prove highly conducive to their moral and mental welfare.

THE TATTLER'S VALEDICTORY.

My good readers. Ere I depart, I wish to say a few parting words to you. I have tattled much; perhaps more than you could bear. I have fought with my excellent friends, Flournoy and Senex,—the scars I still bear in my body are the marks of their vigorous pens. Should either of them visit the town where I reside, I shall be most happy to be his cicerone, showing him all the lions of the place, and making him taste Madame Palette's tea and biscuits, and smoke my cigars in the benevolent Dutch Rocking chair.

Although I shall not any more appear as "the Tattler" in the *Guide*, I may write occasionally for it, under my usual nom de plume. Certainly I shall "continue my paper," and hope you will do the same thing. I am sorry that our friend Mr. Amos Smith, Jr., is to resign his editorial chair, which he has filled to our perfect satisfaction. The state of his health imperatively demands his resignation. We, however, hope he will insert an occasional letter under his nom de plume in the *Guide*.

My friends, I wish you all happiness and long life. Yours, sincerely,

RAPHAEL PALETTE.

Two Mute Schools in Massachusetts.

Massachusetts is wealthy enough, in my opinion, to be able to support two mute schools within its own bounds, one for boys, and the other for girls; each to be located at a considerable distance from the other. Two schools of this kind in a single State must be of moderate size, in proportion to the whole number of mutes residing in the State. I do not believe in crowding a school with mutes. Deaf children of both sexes cooped up in one house, cannot be expected to carry their studies much further than is usual with the A, B, C class. I have not yet seen a born deaf mute that has been brought up in a crowded school, who can write half as well as Booth or Darlington. A small school for either boys or girls, in the results of its operations, will prove "multum in parvo."

In the crowded schools for the deaf-dumb, influences are brought to bear against cultivating a spirit of amity; the principle of resentment is exercised, and quarrels are of frequent occurrence. Such a state of things must necessarily exist in large and crowded schools for the deaf-dumb. It is remarked of deaf children that in a vast major-

ity of cases they are dogs and cats in their tempers. Charles Dickens, in the article "Deaf Mutes," in vol. IX. of the *Household Words*, represents the deaf-dumb as living a dog-and-cat sort of life with each other. And a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, in his communication on the "Land of Silence," has a remark to the same effect. Should two schools be located in Massachusetts, one for boys and the other for girls, at a considerable distance from each other, I am confident that they will present to the world the most sublime spectacle of the refining influences of moral education that the world has ever yet witnessed, and the effect of which will be to command for the deaf-dumb a higher and more durable respect and admiration than ever. Deaf boys and girls crowded together in one house, as a general rule, have their amateness stimulated, by which their minds, at a time when they should be directed into proper channels, are made to run riot. In a separate school, the case would be reversed.

In a female school, the mind, free from contact with male society, can "drink delight of battle" with the difficulties of written language. And there, too, the sciences and practice of Domestic Economy can be taught.

It has been said that "love laughs at locksmiths," and we have abundant evidence of the truth of the saying in the exhibition which we see at the present time where amorous correspondence by the eye is carried on among the pupils. Love under such circumstances serves only to render ideas "confusion worse confounded." In the mute schools, as they are at present constituted, the boys quarrel and make up with the girls, and fall out again. This is making matters grow from bad to worse.

Articulation should never be attempted, except in cases where the pupils are able to speak, and to profit more or less by sound. Mr. James Mack, the deaf poet of New York, can articulate to some extent; but when I visited him several years ago, he told me that he invariably had recourse to writing in addressing himself to strangers, because his articulation was of such a nature as required, on the part of strangers, a considerable effort to comprehend his meaning. I know several semi-mutes who articulate as well at least as if they had all their senses in perfection, but who, in a mixed company, never resort to vocal utterance. Intelligible articulation cannot be acquired without a degree of pain to the pupil, and labor to the teacher. While on this subject, I cannot refrain from recommending my readers to peruse Mr. Day's report on the practicality of teaching articulation to the totally deaf, published last year in connection with the Report of the New York Institution.

Mr. Turner, of the Hartford Asylum, has doubtless arrived at the highest state of perfection in the art of teaching the deaf-dumb which it is possible to attain. His numerous scholars have impressed upon their memories an image of devotedness to the interests of the deaf-dumb, and of skill in imparting to the mute mind a knowledge of philology. He is a writer of the "first water," to use a common expression. I have visited his school, and seen much to admire in the system of instruction pursued there. But there is not a shadow of any reason why he should oppose the establishment of a mute school in Massachusetts. Let Massachusetts alone. Let the people of that State act upon the question as they may see best. My opinion against Mr. Turner, if I may so speak, is that every State ought to have a mute school established within its own bounds. If this gentleman and his assistants teach the deaf-dumb free, gratis, for nothing, without pay and profit, whatsoever at all then there is ground for condemning the efforts of the Massachusetts deaf-mutes to start an opposition school.

In event of the establishment of one or two mute schools in Massachusetts, the Legislature of that State must demand the abrogation of all laws and customs which base a distinction of rights upon condition, with special reference to the pay of mute instructors. Everybody, almost, has heard of Jean Massieu, an assistant teacher in the Paris Institute under the superintendence of Sicard. Coming himself from an humble origin, and rising by the force of his own genius, he was the best illustration in himself of the practical operation of that beneficent principle of equality upon which the French school was based. Mr. George of the *Messenger*, of whom mention has already been made, while teacher in the Missouri school under Mr. Kerr, received equal pay with his hearing-speaking associates. Let the Legislature of Massachusetts bear in mind that disparity of pay operates disastrously upon whatever of self-respect the deaf-dumb possess. Equal pay is allowed in Slave States, judging from the fact that Mr. Denison of the *Columbia* school, and Mr. George formerly of the *Missouri* school received the like salaries with their more favored colleagues. Let the Hartford Asylum, in this particular, be the model and exemplar for all other schools. I trust that Mr. Turner, who is distinguished for comprehensiveness of spirit, and the utter absence of prejudice, will take measures to furnish a remedy for the annoyances and evils resulting from an inadequate salary.

THE MANUAL ALPHABET.

GENERAL REMARKS.

In the November number of the *Guide*, honorable mention is made of Mr. WILLIAM W. FARNUM, the mute publisher. I have seen his paper, the *Tri-States Union*, and must be permitted to express the opinion that although it does not rise above the intellectual level of a score of its contemporaries it is printed in such a manner as to challenge the admiration of all classes of readers. While I rejoice at his position in society, I enter my protest against the practice (which obtains in several of our mute schools) of teaching typesetting to so many mutes. In many cases newspapers live but a day. And hence the ups and downs of the printer's life. Why should the deaf-dumb not be coopers, ship-carpenters, masons, bricklayers, glaziers, house-painters, dentists, or even tavern-keepers? I know of no *barrier* among the deaf-dumb. Labor is no crime. Every trade by which bread can be earned, is honorable. So is hair-cutting. Wood-sawing is better than street-hogging; for it is nothing more nor less than *attention to business*. Better starve, even to death, than beg. Every

one can work in some way or other. I have seen a man without arms, writing his own name on a sheet of paper with a pen between his toes. Laura Bridgman, the deaf, dumb and blind woman, can write, sew, &c. Homer the blind poet, walked the streets, singing for a consideration. If you are out of work, go, sell oysters, for they will bring you a handful of money: we are an eating people. THE MANUAL ALPHABET.

MR. EDITOR.—I had much pleasure in reading an article in your last number concerning an enterprising deaf-mute printer, Mr. William Wallace Farnum, of Port Jervis Orange County, N. Y.

I am very desirous of adding herewith my testimony to the remarks there made and which I trust, you will do me the favor to publish in your next issue.

From personal knowledge of Mr. Farnum, extending over many years, I have always esteemed him highly for his good qualities and intellectual attainments. After the completion of his academical course in the High Class of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and graduating with honor, he made many unsuccessful attempts to obtain a situation in the Commercial Metropolis; but merchant princes, talented lawyers and hurried business men did not find his case worthy of consideration, probably because his application was not suitably backed by those whose interest in him had ceased when his education ended. Soon after he received an offer to go up the Hudson River to Columbia County to teach a deaf-mute boy in a respectable family, where he remained some months; but not liking the country and his pupil proving dull, he concluded his instruction with a well merited lesson, which resulted in being obliged to resign his situation. Returning to Port Jervis where he had resided before, he commenced the practice of setting type in the office of the *Tri-States Union* under its sole proprietor Mr. Norton.

One year ago this fall I took the Great Erie route through the beautiful dairy region of Orange County which sends a train of cars laden only with pure milk and butter to the New York City Market, on my way to Port Jervis and paid a few days' visit to Mr. Farnum, and enjoyed myself very much in seeing not only my friend and the printing office but the pretty village and surrounding scenery. The population of Port Jervis is about 7000 and its trade and property is rapidly increasing. It is an important station upon the Erie Railroad and Delaware and Hudson Canal. It contains two most excellent Hotels for the accommodation of numerous visitors.

It is a lively tramp to the top of Point Peter, overlooking the village and the land around for many miles and the Delaware and Neversink rivers, and I must not omit to mention what a pleasant walk it is to the junction of the above named rivers where they land the *Three States*—viz. New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania at one time. Last summer Mr. Norton sold the concern of the *Tri-States Union* to Mr. Farnum and his speaking and hearing partner Mr. Allen, an attorney at law, and thus they become the firm of "Allen and Farnum." They commenced to issue the (weekly) *Tri-States Union* on Independence Day. Their prospects are very bright. I trust that the public will subscribe largely to the excellent and interesting paper. The subscription being only one dollar per annum in advance. It costs only half what is paid for a cigar and gives army news and correspondence from the seat of war &c., &c. Why should not such a paper be patronized? I understand they are making great exertions to have the paper more interesting than ever that it may become a mirror of the Three States.

New York, Nov. 1861.

For the Guide.

John Smith's Children.

I have thus far said nothing of John Smith's children; confining my remarks chiefly to his reflections upon men and things. The design of this paper is to attend to his little ones. Mr. Smith is the father, at this time, of a little girl. At this time I say, because he does not know whether he will remain a father longer than to day, having lost his infant son, when he least expected it.

Happy, wild, ay and foolish looked my friend, when for the first time he found himself the father of a fine, bright, blue-eyed little boy. A son! and a beautiful boy too! what emotions of joy thrilled his heart at sight of the baby-face! How proud a father he looked! He wrote to a friend as follows:—"Whether you are a happy Benedict or a miserable bachelor, I must tell you that I never was so happy as when I became the father of a little boy last week. To me, a baby is the sparkle of the topmost bubble upon the champagne of life. 'Twould thrill the gruffest bachelor to see a pair of sweet eyes sparkling welcome and love around the hearth and heart circle of home. My cup of joy is full to running over. What strange emotions pass through my heart as I bend over this second edition of myself! What exquisite perfection in every feature!—his high, intellectual forehead, his blue intelligent eyes, his small, smiling mouth, his cherry-red lips, his rosy, dimpled cheeks, his round, delicate chin. See how sweetly he smiles! Oh, he is not beautiful, my peerless, mine own! * * * You see that I have gradually worked my way up through the grades of baby, boy, man, husband and father. It does my soul good to look now and then into the lovely, blue eyes of my miniature man, and through them hold converse with Him who hath said 'suffer them to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God!' I feel as if putting on the 'new man,' as I hold the dear little thing in my arms. Indeed I feel that from me the God of babies will require a strict account of its guardianship while passing its life through this world of chance and change. I shrink back at the idea. What a responsibility! The bachelor may chuckle at the idea of being exempt from the responsibility of training a child for eternity, but he cannot form an adequate conception of the peculiar interest that attaches to these precious gifts of Heaven. * * * My wife, now a happy mother, congratulates me upon the resemblance which our baby bears to my humble self. The least noise will awaken our darling baby from sleep; a circumstance which

suicides to 'floor' the assertion of the 'wise who know' that in the case of mutes marrying together, deafness descends from parent to child."

Mr. Smith again writes to the same friend:—"Been very busy; no time to read the latest publications of the day. Have to run from place to place on business, relating to the pressing wants of my suffering wife. Cannot sleep as much as is required by nature; the baby is the trouble—God forbid that I should throw the blame on an innocent baby! I love my little John, God only knows how passionately. He is now 11 days old, January 19th,—grows finely, as 'they say'—looks intelligently about the room while awake, and sleeps, oh how sweetly! Rely on it, I enjoy the sweet music he makes in crying. I do not however, wish to be understood as saying that I like to see him crying when in pain, not I. The other day, at the request of a friend who resides in the same house with me, I carried my dear baby in my arms down a pair of stairs into his apartment, where were assembled about half a dozen persons, all possessed of the faculties of hearing and speech. As the little thing opened his large blue eyes upon the people there assembled, I could see him listening to their voices, as if trying to make out the noise they made. The people swore they saw him—my eleven day old child—making signs to me. Between you and me, I do not believe it. If, however, the baby made motions with his tiny hands, it was mechanically. *** In consequence of my pressing business engagements, I can see but little of the baby, very sorry, but hope I shall see more of him as the long days come on. My wife can attend to him better than I can possibly do under existing circumstances, but I love him none the less. Absent from him each day, I still think a world of him. God bless thee, my darling John. *** There, the baby cries. Poor little thing! what in the name of wonder is the matter with him? There can be no effect without a cause, so I must seek out the cause of his tears. Adieu for the present."

Mr. Smith was doomed to drink to the last drops the bitter cup of sorrow; for see the following letter of his written afterwards to his friend of whom mention has been made:—"I have not returned you the book for so long time, because my time was occupied in watching my dear little baby until his death, which took place on July 29. To us, his death, sudden as it was, came with a stunning blow. We, as well as the physician, did everything we could to save his precious life, but He who saith, 'suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,' decreed otherwise; we thought he was actually convalescing, when death interceded and laid his hand upon the little innocent one. His sudden death, after he had taken deep root in my heart, was what made me sick for a week and a half. My wife—a very affectionate woman, by the way—suffered so much in mind that I had to watch her day and night. Thus you see that I could not return the book as soon as I ought to have done. We had a likeness of the baby taken after his death, although the baby dead bears no resemblance to the baby alive."

Mr. Smith is "nervously anxious," as he expresses it, to encircle his family burial lot with a decent iron railing, but he says he cannot afford to pay the expenses necessary to such an improvement. He talks big of erecting a miniature monument to the memory of his poor little boy, but I know of my own knowledge that he will never be able to do so, that is, unless his salary is increased four hundred dollars.

Touching his prattling little daughter, I cannot do better than copy from Mr. Smith's note written in August to the editor of the *Guide*:—"Also for the mischievous propensities of my dear little Lizzie! She follows me about the house. She meddles with everything I do, that saucy little girl! I have had a photograph taken of her, and colored, as I believe, in the best style of art. What say you to the idea of sending me by mail or otherwise, a daguerreotype of yourself, and if you please, your wife too? I would be glad to return your compliment. I would write further, but my little girl clamors for the privilege of monopolizing my society, even at all times. God bless the darling, thy unfortunate father's priceless treasure. Be a good girl. *** She desires me to buy her a picture book. I cannot, will not attend to her request."

So much for living upon six hundred a year.

THE MANUAL ALPHABET.

For the Guide.

"Honor to Whom Honor is Due." In a communication which was inserted in the November number of the *Guide*, entitled the "Reports of Mute Asylums," I referred to the word "wages," making it appear that it was of Mr. Carlin's own coining. The truth is, he wrote "salaries," which term was changed to "wages," by the men who were concerned in the publication of the "Proceedings of the Fifth Convention of American Teachers of the Deaf and Dumb," a large (O how large!) book. Why the word "salaries," as used by my friend, was struck out, I know not, but, considering the distinction drawn by Webster between "salary" and "wages," I conclude that the substitution of the word "wages" was intended as an insult to the mute teachers. Webster defines the word "wages" to be "recompense for services by manual labor." According to the same authority, the word "salary" means to be "the recompense or consideration stipulated to be paid to a person for services, usually a fixed sum to be paid by the year."

I took my most unwarrantable liberties, in the way of quotation, with Mr. Carlin, who surpasses almost all the deaf mutes of America in laborious application, and extent of general information. He, alone and unaided, labored to introduce a reform into the system of compensating mute teachers. It seems that those teachers for whom he labored without pay, were afraid to come over to his assistance in a crusade against the enemies of equal rights. Two mute teachers claimed for themselves and others equal privileges with their speaking associates, it is true, but their logic, if so it could be called, amounted to nothing. It is to me passing strange that the mute teachers take no notice of my friend's efforts to improve their condition. My query is, cannot they word their wants and wishes without his assistance?

THE MANUAL ALPHABET.

For the Guide.

A Word to Deaf Mute Teachers.

My brother teachers, write often for the *Guide*. This journal is devoted specially to your interests, and here is a fine field for work opening to you. Exclusively of the well prepared communications of Mr. Kavanaugh, and of Mr. Boreg of the Michigan Institution, which have been printed in the *Guide*, we never see, as we would be glad to, your productions in the columns of your organ paper. Can we, dare we believe that among the deaf-dumb, non-teachers are very much in advance of you in their literary acquisitions? The Rev. Mr. MacIntire, principal of the Indiana school for Mutes, to quote his own words, "has no idea that the best deaf and dumb teacher he has ever met with, as to the value of his services to the Institution, is to be compared with a good speaking and hearing teacher." Mark him! Can you convince him to the contrary? And how? Why, upon my word, by making yourselves heard in the columns of the *Guide*.

Perhaps you say that you do not care to make a noise in the literary world. To be frank, I am tempted to question your ability to write as well as non-teachers among the deaf-dumb. Write often for the *Guide*, I repeat.

Sigma.

For the Guide.

Style.

Young man soliloquizes. I would like to be married. I have a salary of five hundred dollars a year, and I know a handsome girl who has at least a dozen silk dresses, besides others of various materials. Every three months she puts on a different bonnet. Besides, she has several cloaks and shawls, and lots of French boots and shoes, to say nothing of quantities of fine jewelry. She will be a capital match. She cannot want any clothes for years, and there will be so much saved. I will have her. Her father will furnish the house. She as good as told me that. We can get along cleverly on my income, for we must not think of going beyond it; no indeed! I am a pretty close calculator. I shall not want any new clothes for a year or more.

It is done! The knot is tied! Oh, how happy I am!

When! I have been married but a month and my wife wants a new dress. She says hers are all out of style. Twenty dollars for that. There goes my whole year's stock of flour on her back. Hang it! Why did not her father furnish her with this same style she is always talking about? More wants. Things all out of style. A new bonnet must be had—new gloves, new boots, French embroidered collars &c., &c., &c. I shall go crazy. My calculations for sugar, butter, tea, and coffee are all scattered to the winds, or rather they are walking off in style as she sweeps the streets with that elegant new silk.

She won't so much as sew a button on my coat, but says, "take it to the tailor." What am I to do? I'll run away. I wish I had known enough to marry a wife without this style.

I'll be hanged if I don't believe we shall have to have style for breakfast, style for dinner, and style for supper, and nothing else.

JOHN.

For the Guide.

DEAR READER.—Did you ever see the D—? No—you say, with indignation at the abrupt question, and never wish to. But you have thought—what!!!! Yes, my dear friend, you have seen him.

I do not imply that you have seen the veritable old fashioned gentleman in black, alias Satan, with his Cloven Hoof, Horns and Tail to match—notwithstanding, there is few of us mortals, but what have seen a devil in human form (which I think is the only one we shall ever be troubled with), I allude to the mean, miserably extortionist—the hypocrite, slanderer and backbiter—who would rob the widow and fatherless of their just rights, and Judas like, betray his best friend for a consideration. Do you ask for any worse fiend than this. I think it would be impossible to find any being that would more closely resemble his Satanic majesty than the character portrayed above and that no reasonable person can object to the specimen. If so, we think he deserves to small.

BRIMSTONE.

For the Guide.

MR. EDITOR.—Raphael Palette, in the November number of the *Guide*, replies to my remarks on the influence of climate, and in a way to lead me to question whether he pays sufficient attention to facts. He picks up an isolated fact here and another there, and quotes Hugh Miller as authority, as if Hugh Miller or any number of authorities were conclusive, and omits altogether to generalize his facts. He does not stand alone in this, for it is a common fault with writers; even those whose lucubrations appear in the "Annals" are, sometimes, shockingly absurd and for the same reason.

Raphael Palette reiterates, in substance, his previous assertions that climate is the cause of difference of complexion and features among nations. Why does he not remember isothermal lines? Let him commence in the hottest part of Africa, and, following isothermal lines, he ought to find black skins, flat noses, thick lips and all the characteristics of the African as he goes round the world. So with Chinese features as in the case of Mr. Meigs' children. If these children were moon-eyed, it was, doubtless, owing to want of sufficient mental strength in the mother to throw off the impression made upon her mind by Celestial eyes. Cases of this class are not rare. But does Raphael Palette mean to assert that any considerable number of European children, born in China, are oblique or moon-eyed? He refers, likewise, to the French in the centre and to those on the Spanish and German borders of France, and ascribes the difference to climate. The French and Spanish of the Pyrenees have intermarried for more than a thousand years, and so with the French and Germans of the Rhine. It is not climate but a mingling of races that has modified the original characteristics and confounded Raphael Palette's old arm chair.

Let us look further at the matter. The American Aborigines are found from the Arctic to the Antarctic regions and the same complexion reigns

throughout, in the coldest as well as in the hottest zone. If Raphael Palette's theory is right then they ought to be white and of European features in the Frigid zone, and black and approaching to the negro features in the Torrid. And, pray, what are the complexion and features of the poor sinners in the brimstone region if we are to put such unqualified faith in the effects of heat? Are they charred and undistinguishable cinders?

"Every nation has its own climate," says Raphael Palette, and, forgetting isothermal lines, he tells us of the difference between English and French features, though the two nations are divided by a channel only thirty miles wide. The French and English heads differ markedly in shape. The English have, phenologically speaking, large Self-esteem and less Approbateness, while in the French the reverse is the fact. Hence the English are proud and haughty (so the French call them), while in English estimation the French are inordinately vain and frivolous. This cannot be ascribed to climate but to race.

That there is, to some extent, a difference between the features of northern and southern whites in our own country may be admitted; and here again race comes in. The North was settled originally by thoughtful, religious men, men of a higher order morally and mentally, and she has since been receiving accessions from all portions of Europe, but from northern and central Europe chiefly. On the other hand, the South was settled mainly by jail birds, the refuse of the London prisons, and the riff-raff and scum of southern Europe, and her system of slavery has kept out emigration of the better class from the old world and who naturally seek our shores. Here is one of the causes of the present war between an advancing civilization and a retrogressive barbarism.

John Smith—he is perfectly safe under that universal name—has exceedingly sharp optics; our teachers who criticise our compositions, and, by contrast, imply their own superiority, will need to put on spectacles when they write again. Otherwise John Smith will be thrusting his steel pen into their ribs. It is no rare thing for men, professional and otherwise, on whom colleges have conferred honors, to be ridiculously deficient in ability to write correctly. None know this better than editors; and many an editor has mentally and vehemently anatomized the great little men of a day, as with pen in hand, he has run his eye carefully along the blundering lines of their speeches and communications, and subsequently given them to the world as chaste and eloquent specimens of correct English by Hon. Mr. This or Mr. Doctor of Laws That. Vice la bagatelle!

And I might say Vice la bagatelle on the matter of salaries, on which John Smith treats so pointedly, where one man performs a certain amount of work—in many cases indifferently and in some cases badly, from natural inefficiency—and is paid a thousand or more per annum; and another who performs an equal amount of work and performs it better than do most of his associates, because selected, not, like them, at random, but for his fitness, and receives only six hundred,—barely enough in a large city to give him and his family decent lodging, food and raiment. When under such circumstances we are enjoined the Christian maxim, "Do as you would be done by," does it not look marvellously like Satan rebuking sin?

Mr. Editor, I commenced the papers which appear over my signature—not from a desire for notoriety nor in the most amiable mood—to bring about a thorough ventilation of certain subjects and opinions advanced by J. J. E., J. R. B., R. P., and, perhaps, one or two others, and having accomplished that purpose, the readers of the *Guide* will probably hear no more from me.

SEXEX.

For the Guide.

MR. EDITOR:—Mr. Raphael Palette's usually excellent memory is at fault when he says that Mr. Day does not detail the *modus operandi* of teaching articulation to the deaf and dumb. If Raphael Palette will turn to Mr. Day's first Report, annexed to the 26th Report of the New York Institution, he will find a very full and minute description of the processes used by the best German teachers of articulation. The result of Mr. Day's careful examination and inquiries is, that such knowledge of articulation and reading on the lips as is attainable by the deaf is, in most cases, of little practical value; that the German deaf-mutes are no more restored to society than our own; and when two or more deaf-mutes come together, they prefer to converse by signs, as much in Germany as in France and America.

The case of our friend, John Smith, is a hard one, and his salary certainly ought to be made adequate to his support and that of his family. Meantime I would suggest to him that, if he would look over his grocery bill, he might cut off a few items that would bring his necessary expenditures within his income. It is, perhaps, owing to my ignorance of city life, but I do not understand why a man's grocery bill; that is, his bill for sugar, butter, tea, and the like (flour and meats being in a separate account), should amount to nearly as much as all his other expenses. At the New York Institution, I think they live well, yet they use up only about two dollars' worth of "Groceries" for every dollar's worth of flour. Why should John Smith need ten dollars' worth of "groceries" for every dollar's worth of flour?

J. R. B.

P.S. A malicious person at my elbow suggests that this enormous grocery bill includes turtle-soup and choice wines. If John Smith has acquired a taste for such luxuries, I fear he would save little or nothing out of a thousand dollars.

[From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.]

The Diamond Seeker.

OR

THE DEVIL'S HOLE.

BY RAPHAEL PALETTE.

Every place, even the most homely village, has within its precincts, or in its vicinity, objects worth seeing, either in nature, in art, in persons, or in historic associations.

Allentown, the judiciary capital of Lehigh county, Pa.—a pleasant and flourishing place, just incorporated as a city, if I am not mistaken,—has in its neighborhood two remarkable freaks of nature: one, the huge boulders at the summit of the mountain about two miles south of the town, generally known by the name of "Prospect Rocks," from which a magnificent panoramic view of the country, particularly the distant Blue Mountains, with their celebrated gaps, will amply repay the pains of an ascent,—and the other, the cave with a picturesque mouth, known as "Devil's Hole," about two miles north of the town. Why is this cave called "Devil's Hole?" Listen, my good readers, to my story, the authenticity of which may perhaps be vouched for by the "oldest inhabitant" of said town.

Many years ago, a solitary wanderer, in much torn garments, of a fashion bespeaking his foreign birth, paused awhile on a hill, a few yards from the brink of what appeared to be a precipice, to turn his eyes to the western sky, and see how soon the orb of day would set; and finding that he was in a very short time to be benighted, he sank down on a large stone, fatigued both in mind and body, and hungry as a wolf. For many weary minutes he mused lugubriously on his ill success. As it was now twilight, his eyes wandered mechanically around in search of something to assuage his hunger, and a safe berth wherein to pass the night. Scarcely had they done so, ere they rested upon an object which seemed to move. He stared and scanned it, perceiving that it was not a phantom haunting his jaded mind, for the thing—with a fully matured head, enlivened by a ruddy, jolly countenance, and an exceedingly diminutive, but strongly knit body and legs—was indeed before him, sitting à la Turque on a large mushroom, at a few feet's distance, in front of the gazer.

It winked, chuckled, wagged its round head, and winked again, ever and anon making faces pleasant to contemplate.

"What is your name?" demanded abruptly the intruder of the stranger.

"Schmidt," answered the wanderer, surprised at the interrogator's talking plain German.

"Where from?" asked the little fellow.

"From Germany," replied Schmidt, regarding its curious figure and the slender stem of the mushroom, and wondering how the plant could sustain without bending so heavy a load.

"What is your business here?"

"To find gold."

"A gold-seeker, eh?"

The German nodded in the affirmative.

"Met any success, eh?" asked the dwarf,

glancing at Schmidt's hat, which was much the worse for wear.

"No," replied the gold-seeker, despondingly.

"You want gold badly?" insinuated he of the mushroom, now glancing at the gaping holes in Schmidt's boots.

Our hero gave a nod of the head, and groaned inwardly.

"You want diamonds, eh?"

"What diamonds?" grunted Schmidt.

"What diamonds?" cried the dwarf—

"Why, you simpleton! a little speck of sparkling diamond would fetch you a handful or two of dollars; then why would you not make a fortune by a handful of such shining stones?"

Thereupon the little fellow winked knowingly, stroked his large nasal protuberance with his forefinger, and then pointed with the same finger downward to the ground. At this last significant action of the dwarf's forefinger, a gloom of hope shot into the poor gold-seeker's soul suggesting the probability of finding diamonds in the very spot to which his new friend had just pointed, while his heart fluttered at the prospect of enjoying his untold wealth in his beloved land of malt, hops and cabbages.

"Are there any diamonds in this ground?" ventured Schmidt, dreading disappointment.

"Yes, mein herr," answered the jolly dwarf, winking most patronizingly, "millions here, mein herr, rare and beautiful. Mien herr, you will be a Cressus, and marry a princess, mein herr—ha! ha! ha!" Here the facetious prattler laughed immoderately.

"No offence, mein herr. I'll show you the cave. 'Tis so full of diamonds and snakes. Afraid of snakes, eh?"

Assured that Schmidt did not care about snakes, the dwarf bounded to follow him, and beckoning Schmidt to follow him, led the way down to the foot of the precipice, which presented before his wondering eyes

a spacious cave's mouth, displaying all its boldness and gracefulness of outlines.

"My friend," cried the guide, handing to Schmidt a lighted torch, which he fetched from somewhere, "here is your cave. Go in. You'll find at the terminus of this passage a vast chamber, with a splendid dome, studded with diamonds as large as your fists, and one much larger than your head. Collect as many as you can, mein herr, and then marry your princess mein herr—ha! ha! hi! hi! Go in. Gluck zu!"

In went Schmidt, with the mercury of courage rising as high as 120° Fahrenheit in his heart. But after several paces farther he halted on seeing a streamlet flowing defiantly with both its sides up to the rocky walls of the passage, and his courage fell twenty degrees down.

"Proceed on, mein herr! Fear nothing!"

Encouraged by his benefactor, Schmidt stepped into the water, and waded through, by no means relishing its temperature, being one degree above the freezing point. (Let it be borne in mind that it was the pure and always cold spring water for which Allentown and its vicinity is famous.)

Onward he wades, thigh deep, through the dismal stream. The blaze of his torch throws a ruddy light about him. One short cry, one long groan, and two deep imprecations. He rubs the part of his head which Gall and Spurzheim specified as the organ of caution, whose phenological smallness, notwithstanding the fact that his countrymen have proverbially "large" caution in their nature, is fully and most strikingly demonstrated by his not lowering his head to prevent its encounter with a sharp, rocky clump projecting from the subterranean roof.

Onward he wades through the Rubicon, with a sharp lookout for intrusive clumps; he is now upon dry ground, though he is obliged to stand upon all fours, by reason of the lowness and ruggedness of the roof, threatening to accelerate the growth of his bumps; the light of his torch penetrates the Egyptian darkness of the mysterious passage. What does he see there? His face turned deadly pale. He sees hundreds of little red eyes staring at him, he hears awful hisses. Snakes! snakes! a loud laugh.

"Never mind them. Go on, mein herr! Crush them for the sake of your diamonds and princess, mein herr—ha! ha! March forward!" Had Schmidt once been at the Heidelberg University, imbibing the ancient classics, he would surely have remembered how Julius Cæsar passed the Rubicon and vanquished his enemies,—how he crossed the channel and brought into subjection the myriads of savage Britons, after which he penned these immortal words—Veni, vidi, vici. But for his ignorance in classical lore, Schmidt stood still, half-inclined to beat an inglorious retreat, which, however, became unnecessary; for the reptiles, much scared by the strange light, sneaked into the crevices, thus leaving the passage perfectly free to him.

"Frisch!" urged the merry manikin behind Schmidt, "the chamber and its dome are not far, Frisch, mein herr!"

With renewed courage, Schmidt crept forward without interruption, except occasionally when he halted to despatch with his trusty cudgel a solitary copperhead which was seen georging an unlucky lizard; two adders, perhaps husband and wife, which thrust their heads out of a crevice above him, to see what the deuce it was that disturbed their sleep, and a few water snakes. At length, in consequence of the diminution of the passage in width and height to a compass so narrow as to give room for his head only, he made strenuous efforts in squeezing his body through the strait aperture: success finally smiled on his perseverance with which he triumphantly protruded himself into the marvellous chamber.

Partly confounded by the sudden presence and magnitude of the chamber, and partly over-fatigued by his tremendous labor through the passage, he rose slowly to his feet, and raised his eyes up. The dome he indeed saw,—the diamonds, "large as his fists," were plainly visible to his eyes, but they seemed a little too far above him,—the "one such—larger than his head," was there, forsooth, but it appeared much like—the full moon!

After a closer inspection of the chamber, dome and its shining stones, and fully convinced of their real nature, he gazed with a heavy heart at the stars twinkling derisively at him, and while he regarded the

large one, the gentle Queen of Night, which shed her soft light soothingly on his head, his ears caught a stifled laugh; he turned quickly to the spot whence the hilarious sound issued, and saw his false friend—the treacherous dwarf—standing upon his head on a dead mullein, with his little legs kicking fantastically in the air. Poor Schmidt's anger knew no bounds; his eyes flashed vengeance; his teeth chattered forth dire imprecations on "der teyfel," as he called his deceiver, and by a powerful and well directed aim he flung his torch at "der teyfel's" head, which, detached from its body, rolled laughing all the way through the air, and vanished. The mutilated body, with its legs still kicking, fell into the earth.

What Schmidt did after that occurrence, I was not informed, but I understood he was at a much later period seen at home in his native village, happy in the society of a buxom wife, who brought him a snug fortune, and half a dozen of little Schmidts, some of whom it is probable have children now living in Lehigh County.

As to the cave, called "the Devil's Hole," it is asserted that it has two mouths, though the lesser mouth (through which our hero evidently emerged to the moonlight, and beneath the stars of heaven) is hardly visible by reason of much rubbish being accumulated over it, and within it is inaccessible, on account of the exclusive occupancy of the numerous descendants of the fork-tongued fellows which sneaked into the crevices at the appearance of our humbugged diamond-seeker.

"A HUNDRED DOLLAR NOTE TO BOOT."—Old V., a well-to-do farmer in Illinois, had some four marriageable daughters; and being one of those men who think their girls should get married as soon as they are out of their short clothes, felt somewhat chagrined that his girls should remain on his hands so long.

Now there was a young fellow in the neighborhood who had been waiting on the V. girls for some time, and had gone the round from oldest to youngest; and the old man had been anxiously waiting for, and expected young B. to "ask consent" for some one of the girls, but as yet he waited in vain. B. however, had proposed and been accepted; but the old folks had not been acquainted with the fact.

Now, in the mean time, young B. had purchased a fine horse of the old gent and had given his note on six month's time for one hundred dollars. Well, pay-day was fast approaching and B. had not the "ready" to meet it; on the day before the note became due, young B. made his way over to the old gent's, determined to ask him for his daughter's—hoping thereby to get an extension on the note at least.

As good luck would have it, he met the old man in the yard, and was about to go through with that interesting ceremony of "asking consent," when imagine his surprise and joy, when the old gent broke out with the following:

"Look here, B., you young rascal, you have been courtin' my gals for morn' a year; you've been gaddin and cuttin' round with the hull on-'em. Now, your note comes due to-morrow, and I'll tell you what I'll do. You shall marry one of my gals—I don't care a snap which—and I'll give you a good settin' out and your hundred dollar note to boot; and if you don't I'll sue you by thunder."

"It's a bargain," says B. "I'll do it." And the next week there was a "tall" wedding down at the old man V.'s; and to this day B. chuckles over the way the old man gave his consent without asking, "and a hundred dollar note to boot."

LOOK BEFORE YOU KICK.—A minister in one of our Orthodox churches (the Vineyard Gazette says), while on his way to preach a funeral sermon in the country, called to see one of his members, an old widow lady, who lived near the road he was traveling. The old lady had just been making sausages, and she felt proud of them, they were so plump, round and sweet. Of course she insisted on the minister taking some of the links home to his family. He objected, on account of his not having his portmanteau along. The objection was soon overruled, and the old lady, after wrapping them in a rag, carefully placed a bundle in each pocket of the preacher's capacious coat. Thus equipped he started for the funeral.

While attending the solemn ceremonies of the grave, some hungry dogs scented the sausages and were not long in tracking them to the good man's overcoat. Of course this was a great annoyance, and he was several times under the necessity of kicking the whelps away. The obsequies of the grave completed, the minister and congregation repaired to the church where the funeral discourse was to be preached.

After the sermon was finished, the minister halted to make some remarks to his congregation, when a brother, who wished to have an appointment given out, ascended the pulpit, and gave the minister's coat a hitch to gain his attention. The divine, thinking it a dog having a design upon his pockets, raised his foot, gave a sudden kick, and sent the good brother sprawling down the pulpit steps.

"You will excuse me, brethren and sisters!" said the minister confusedly, and without looking at the work he had done, "for I could not avoid it. I have sausages in my pocket, and the dog has been trying to grab them ever since I came upon the premises."

Crowded out—A large number of communications, including Neb Lohetelawa's letter from Kentucky, Review of the weather, &c., the main part of which have been sent to Mr. Wise.

low, feeble tones, "to hear a story of wickedness, and fraud against others, which ought to have been confessed long ago. Cowardly fear alone kept me silent, and after you so kindly undertook the care of Rose, I quieted the reproaches of my conscience with the thought, that as she was now placed beyond the reach of want, there was no present need of making known the story of my guilt." (Mr. Wilde bent forward and listened with intense interest, after she brought in the name of Rose.) She proceeded, "Yes, I feel myself equally guilty with my husband, for although he tempted me, and even used threats to compel my compliance to his wicked demands, I ought to have withstood his base scheme with firmness, and at all risks. Heaven knows I have suffered severely for my weak compliance. It is now nearly eighteen years since my young mistress Norah Vivian (Mr. Wilde started as though struck by a cannon ball) married Sir Barnet Brant. It was a made match between Sir Barnet and Mr. Vivian. Sir Barnet was enormously wealthy and Mr. Vivian correspondingly avaricious. There were at this time rumors of an attachment between Norah and a young gentleman of her own rank, who was heir to a handsome estate. Some even said there was an engagement, but this was doubted as it had never been formally made public, and a report soon became public that he had left her. Miss Vivian, I have reason to think loved him truly, unworthy as he was, for the man who could thus trifle with the affections of Norah Vivian must have been base beyond the power of words to express. (The brow of Jervis Wilde contracted with pain at the wrong judgment thus pronounced against him, but her next words comforted him inexpressibly.) She, poor girl, with the infatuation of love, refused to believe in his treachery and clung to the idea that he was the soul of truth and honor to her dying day. After long resistance on her part, she was fairly driven into a marriage with Sir Barnet Brant. The newly wedded pair soon after started for India where Sir Barnet held a lucrative post under Government. Being myself fondly attached to Lady Brant in whose services I had long been as lady's maid, I readily consented to her urgent solicitations and accompanied her to India. I may here say without exaggeration that Lady Brant never smiled after her wedding day. She was uniformly kind and gentle to Sir Barnet, who was verging upon the dotage of second childhood; but her heart was with her false lover. Her beauty, grace, and loveliness won for her the genuine affection, and respect of both native, and English residents at Calcutta. The birth of Rose seemed to awake Lady Brant to a new life; for like the sunshine upon flowers were the smiles of her child upon the drooping spirits of the young mother. Sir Barnet was terribly disappointed in not having a son to inherit his name and wealth. He made no effort to conceal this disappointment from his wife. He never manifested much affection for the infant, and when a year later it was discovered that she was deaf and dumb; he regarded her with ill concealed aversion. Lady Brant, on the contrary, clung to her with redoubled fondness; indeed she would scarcely allow the child out of her sight for a moment. About this time Sir Barnet was seized with the Calcutta fever, and after a long struggle between the disease and a powerful constitution, death came to his relief. Lady Brant, resisting all remonstrances, had watched incessantly by his sick bed. The strain was too much for her naturally delicate constitution. She had contracted the fever, which in her prostrated condition, soon assumed a dangerous character. Knowing that she could not live, she solemnly committed Rose to my care. Sir Barnet had left no connections and Lady Brant had none, with the exception of a maiden aunt, living at the family seat of the Vivians, in the North of England. To this aunt she bade me take Rose. She put into my keeping all her most valuable personal effects, consisting of plate and jewels; together with the papers which would substantiate Rosa in her right to her father's property. These she wished me to deliver to the late Sir Barnet's lawyer in London, and take her plate and jewels to her aunt to keep for Rose. With many tears I promised to faithfully discharge the important trust thus committed to me; and Lady Brant peacefully breathed her life away in my arms. I have omitted to say that I had married in Calcutta, still continuing, with my husband, in the service of Sir Barnet and Lady Brant. We had a little son, a few months younger than Rose. Soon after the last rites had been

paid to the remains of my dear mistress, we embarked for England. On the voyage home, little Herbert sickened and died. It was after this sad event that my husband made known to me the wicked plan he had formed. It was to adopt Rose in the place of Herbert, appropriate her plate and jewels, destroy the papers, and go to some other country. Struck with horror, I at once flatly refused to enter into a scheme of such monstrous fraud. Mr. Weston used all the persuasive sophistry at his command; failing in this he had recourse to threats. When a man has a woman in his power and begins to threaten, she can only tremble and comply, or resist and brave the consequences. My husband had a most terrible temper when provoked by opposition. He was now in one of his worst fits of that most dangerous passion. His face was white; the demon of murder gleamed in his eyes; trembling for my life, I complied with his wishes. I managed, however, to secrete the papers without his knowledge, and you will find them in a small casket in my trunk; the key I have always worn round my neck. (She here gave it to him, and continued.) Upon our arrival in England, we immediately took a packet to Havre, and from thence proceeded to Paris. Here we remained. Our ill-gotten wealth proved a curse to us in every sense. My husband abandoned himself to gambling, drink, and all manner of dissipation. I will not here recall the scenes I went through with him in his moments of brutal intoxication. He soon squandered away every thing, and was brought home one night dead from a drinking saloon, where he had been shot in an affray with another man. I now resolved upon coming to England with Rose; we immediately came on to this place from Dover, and you know the rest. I die in peace, feeling assured you will be a true friend to Rose, and see her established in her rights. Heaven will reward you for your kindness to us, she added earnestly.

It was now near midnight. Mrs. Weston was much exhausted by her long narrative, and after Mr. Wilde had secured the casket, he called Mrs. Bibber, and retired to the library. Upon examination he found the papers proved Rose undisputed heiress to a fortune treble that of his own, large as the latter was. When the next morning's light struggled through the murky gloom of a cold, dark rain-storm; the spirit of Mrs. Weston quietly passed to that "bourne whence no traveler returns." Owing to the weather; it was impossible to send for Rose to attend the funeral. She grieved sincerely when the sad intelligence reached her, for Mrs. Weston had been like a kind and devoted mother to her. Mr. Wilde deemed it unadvisable to make known to Rose the revelations of Mrs. Weston until she should leave school. In the meantime, he took the necessary steps to secure to her the vast property her father left. He then went to Rothbury to see the maiden aunt of Norah. Well he remembered the occasion of his last visit there; when the insolent domestic had nearly flung the door in his face, with the message that Miss Vivian could not see him. Now the miserable falsehoods which had enshrouded the past in a veil of misconception had been brought to light by Mrs. Weston; and with the knowledge that Norah had been true to him, and believed in his truth, he felt like a different man. He found Miss Agatha Vivian, the maiden aunt, still living and upwards of sixty. The ancient damsel was one of those cold, austere women who act like an ice-cream freezer, upon the social elements, congealing the warm flow of conversation, into the icy bonds of silence, and imparting a chill and a shiver to those with whom they come in contact. She received Mr. Wilde with stiff formality. Indeed, everything about her was formal and stiff. Her brocade gown was formally cut and stiff. Her cap was formally trimmed and stiff. Her manners and speech were, if possible, more formal and stiff than her garments. She expressed no interest in her young relative, beyond an inquiry as to whether she had any independent means of support; and said Rose could make it her home there if she wished. Mr. Wilde shortly took his leave, infinitely disgusted with this frozen lump of womanhood.

When the vacation time came, at which Rose was to graduate, Mr. Wilde went to London to meet her, and having induced Miss Sherwood to accept the position of companion to his ward, they returned to Wilde Hall. Not many days after this he summoned Rose to the library. She came in buoyant and blooming from exercise in the open air. He motioned her to a seat near by him, which she took quietly, and without remark. He then made known to her, in brief terms, the revelations of

Mrs. Weston concerning her parentage and informed her of the large fortune which had now been secured to her. Rose listened in silent amazement; but when Mr. Wilde mentioned her leaving the Hall to reside with her aunt at Rothbury, her countenance changed visibly. The color left her cheeks. Impulsively, with tremulous fingers and touchingly suppliant air, she entreated to stay at Wilde Hall, and not be sent away among entire strangers. Then, as the fact of her homelessness rushed upon her, the tears gathered in her eyes; she lost all self-control, and sobbed convulsively, while the tears rained down thick and fast. Mr. Wilde read the thoughts passing through her mind. His countenance softened with inexpressible tenderness. He drew her to him, down upon his knee, as in the days of her childhood, and smoothed her curls with all the soothing gentleness of a mother when comforting her grief-stricken child. "Do not weep, Rose," said he, gently, "you shall stay here." Rose felt that she had a friend; but she did not then know how she had long been the cynosure of all his thoughts, hopes, and plans; the red rose of his heart. He could not tell her now, for he would not take advantage of her inexperience and accept gratitude in the place of affection; besides he did not wish to bar her from preference should she have other suitors. He had never mingled much in society since his return to England, but he now resolved to open wide the doors of Wilde Hall. Cards of invitation were sent out to the neighboring gentry, and a large party assembled in the drawing-room. Rose made her debut in society with all the éclat that might be expected from one in her novel situation. A low murmur of admiration greeted her as she passed from one guest to another, conversing rapidly by means of ivory tablet and pencil. Her graceful ease, simple dignity, and intelligent animation heightened the charms of her wondrous beauty. "She is superb," said Lord Launcelet Vane, a somewhat stunted sprig of nobility, to Captain Maurice Colingwood.

"A diamond of the first water among lesser gems; a rose without thorns," replied the metaphorical Captain. "She has none of the haughty self-consciousness of Bella Guild, nor the soulless vacuity of Constance Raynor. By the way," he continued, "did you note the flash of envious hatred in the black eyes of Bella Guild as she passed her. Poor Bella! she knows she will have to abdicate her throne now; even Constance Raynor's insipid face lit up with a momentary flash of amazed interest as she beheld the new star of beauty."

"No wonder," answered Sir Walter Romeyn, "for such beauty might well make even Juno and Venus turn hideous with envy. Indeed," he added, enthusiastically, "such rare perfection of loveliness and grace is beyond all comparison and above all criticism."

This party was the prelude to invitations which poured in upon Rose. She found herself surrounded by crowds of flattering admirers. Mr. Wilde soon received proposals for her hand; but as she rejected one suitor after another, it seemed she was still "in maiden meditation fancy free." Gossip, that old woman who knows more about other people's affairs than they do themselves; did not long allow her to remain so. It was whispered abroad that young Sir Walter Romeyn was the favored one, and certain circumstances appeared to indicate that the report was not altogether erroneous. He was often at the Hall. Rose on her part appeared to enjoy his company, which was not at all strange, for he combined the manifold attractions of a handsome person, and agreeable manners with fine talents cultivated by study and foreign travel. Rose had been known to compliment him more than once; and, of course, when a young lady compliments a young gentleman, she is dead in love with him, certain, sure; so says "Mrs. Grundy," not reflecting, simple soul, that "still waters run deepest." Yet Rose and Walter were much together. Now out on horseback, now at home, sitting side by side, reading from the same book; anon chatting gaily in the manual alphabet, which Walter had mastered in an incredibly short space of time. Altogether they seemed as happy as two young lovers need be. And Mr. Wilde was not surprised when Sir Walter came to him, ere long, on the same errand with his discarded rivals. A short time after, as he was crossing the hall, he met the young baronet coming from the drawing room. His manly countenance, which a few moments ago was flushed with the buoyant hopes of a lover, was now almost haggard in its

rigid pallor. "She has rejected me," he said simply, in answer to Mr. Wilde's inquiring look. He was never seen again at Wilde Hall, for many years after; and then he brought a foreign bride.

Meanwhile Rose remained where Sir Walter had left her. The usual sunny expression of her countenance was overshadowed by an air of thoughtfulness, which approached sadness. She was thinking of that, which every woman comes to think of, sooner or later, in the course of her life. Her thoughts ran in this vein, "I wonder why, out from all those who profess to love me, the only one I love does not care for me. True he is kind to me, because it is his nature to be kind to every one; but he does not notice me, nor seem to wish me to be with him now as he used to. If it is wrong for me to think of him in this way I cannot help it; so I had better go to my aunt's in Rothbury, and send for Agnes to come and stay with me; then, bye-and-bye, I shall get over this and be happy." Having formed this wise resolve, Rose looked up. A cloud of rosy blushes came drifting over her ingenious countenance, which ever reflected the current of her emotions: for right before her stood Jervis Wilde; his deep, dark eyes looking earnestly down into her own with an expression which always made her blush and tremble, she knew not why.

"Let us go into the garden, Rose," said he, "and then you shall tell me what you have been thinking about to make you look so grave." They were in the garden a long time, and when Rose came in, leaning on his arm, he kissed her again and again, saying, "Now, dearest Rose, you will think no more of going to Rothbury."

In a few weeks their true love ran into the smooth channel of such a wedding as befitted their wealth and high rank. The happily united couple, honored and beloved by all who knew them, disbursing from their abundant wealth with wise benevolence, and in process of time surrounded by noble sons and fair daughters, appeared to realize those lines of the poet beginning with:

"All the world is happy, cheerful,
Life is joyful, never tearful,
Day by day we live in gladness," etc.

For the Guide.

True Friendship.

Man was not born to live alone. He needs sympathy, and where shall he find it, if not in a true friend? Not the seeming friend of a day that will fawn upon us while the sunshine of prosperity brightens our path, and then when adversity throws its darkening shadows around us, will wither and fade away. It is an ominous saying, when we speak of a friend as clinging to us like our shadow, for he it is known that we cast a shadow only in the light, darkness dispels it, so with the seeming friend. Away with such—we want none of them. But a whole soul—true hearted—sympathizing friend. One in whom we can place confidence, to whom we can confide all our sorrows, trials and troubles. Into whose bosom we can pour all our long pent up feelings that crowd so thickly in upon the mind. It is one of the sweetest enjoyments of life, to hold communion with a pure and loving soul.

One little simple act of kindness from those we love, will make us feel happier and more at ease, than would a world of insolent condescension. A deeper impression is made upon the heart by a warm and friendly grasp of the hand, than by a whole day's ceremony and chilling politeness.

During a ceremonious call, each seems to vie with the other in using the most fashionable phrases, and small talk. There is a certain air about such persons that makes one feel ill at ease; a restraint is thrown upon the actions, there is a spirit of unrest pervading them, and from a false pride they act as though they would lose caste, and their dignity would be compromised if they departed from the usual prim ways, and set phrases. We can never enjoy the society of such persons. There is a want of confidence between them and if they should speak the truth, we should learn that no real enjoyment or benefit was to be derived from the ceremonious call, and when they separate each one breathes with a long drawn sigh quite a relief is experienced. Heigh ho, says Miss Vanity. I am glad they are gone. I have been through a mere matter of form to gain the name of fashionable friend. Is it not deceitful to say the least, to profess an interest you do not feel? To show respect and deference for a person whom you despise?

How different is the society of true friends. Theirs is the empire of the heart. Their social enjoyments are real, they love and respect each other; there is a sympathy between them, a perfect faith and confidence that will not waver. Pleasure and profit are to be derived from the enjoyment of such a friendship.

The heart will find something on which it can lavish its love and affection. As the tendrils of a vine reach out after something to which they can cling for support, so the human heart reaches after an object for the same reasons.

When that object is found we feel happy and contented. The aching void is filled. That strong yearning of the heart after something we know not what, ceases, and in the enjoyment of the society of that loved friend, the confidence and affection we feel causes a sweet soothing calm to steal over the senses. Existence itself becomes a joy. We feel happy—we cannot tell why—but we feel every way happy, and as we gaze into the face of that dear friend, a tear dims the eye—we do feel ashamed of those tears. Let them flow, they are but the joyous gushings of an overcharged heart. We are drawn closer to each other. Two hearts moulded into one, stronger in the union. The spirit becomes nearer assimilated, we can lay the head on the bosom of that loved friend, resting there sweetly and calmly. "Lord of the beating heart beneath" with none to molest or make afraid.

How we should cherish that friendship. With what care we should watch its budding affections; how guard our every act and expression, that nothing may be said or done that would wound the feeling, or cause a sorrow that would leave its sting to rankle in the heart. An idle word or jest will sometimes sink deep into the heart be the cause of much sorrow and distress of mind. A quick or fretful answer will often cause the estrangement of true hearts that might have been happy in mutual love and sympathy for life. We should strive to bear in mind that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." A wound may be given when and where we least expect it. The smiling face may hide the heart sorrow from our observation, and we may never know the grief we have caused that loving heart to feel. But it would none the less, be there.

We cannot when dealing with those we love be too guarded. Misunderstandings will sometimes occur, and we should never be prevented by pride from dispelling the cloud as soon as it has risen.

True friendship never dies. It grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength under all circumstances while life lasts. The last enemy, Death—may claim as its victim, and snatch that dear friend from our side. A link in the chain that binds two loving hearts is broken, for time but not for eternity. The soft and gentle beam of the eye may be darkened. The cheerful smile that played around the lips of that loved one may have faded away, but their memory still lingers. We can look back upon the moments passed in their society with sweet and pleasurable emotions. All that is earthly of our friend is, by the chilling hand of death, laid low in that silent dreamless sleep that knows no waking until the last trumpet shall sound. All that we loved—the spirit—has gone to God who gave it, in that better world where all is peace and love. The thought of that dear friend enjoying the holy peace and happiness promised to such as love Him should take from us our murmuring spirit. Why should we mourn for the dear ones that have gone before. They are happier far than when travelling life's thorny path by our side. We should imagine them not as in the grave, but as gone on some long journey, and we should strive so to live, that when He, who rules our destiny has done with us here on earth, we may be permitted to join those we love, in the world where all is love and where we shall enjoy a friendship that shall never end. GAMUT.

Boston, November, 1861.

WHY PEOPLE DRINK.—Mr. A. drinks because his doctor has recommended him to take a little suthin.

Mr. B. because his doctor ordered him not to, and he hates quackery.

Mr. C. takes a drop because he's wet.

Mr. D. because he's dry.

Mr. E. because he feels something rising in his stomach.

Mr. F. because he feels a kind of sinking in his stomach.

Mr. G. because he's going to see a friend off to Oregon.

Mr. H. because he's got a friend come home from California.

Mr. I. because he's so hot.

Mr. J. because he's so cold.

Mr. K. because he's got a pain in his head.

Mr. L. because he's got a pain in his stomach.

Mr. M. because he's got a pain in his side.

Mr. N. because he's got a pain in his back.

Mr. O. because he's got a pain in his chest.

Mr. P. because he's got a pain all over him.

Mr. Q. because he feels light and happy.

Mr. R. because he feels heavy and miserable.

Mr. S. because he's married.

Mr. T. because he isn't.

Mr. V. because he likes to see his friends around him.

Mr. W. because he's got no friend, and enjoys a glass by himself.

Mr. X. because his uncle left him a legacy.

Mr. Y. because his aunt cut him off with a shilling.

Mr. Z. we should be happy to inform our readers what Mr. Z's reasons are for drinking, but on putting the question to him, he was found to be too drunk to answer.

WOMEN AND HOME.—There is a bundle of delight bound up in the sweet word, home. The word is typical of comfort, love, sympathy, and all the other qualities that constitute the delights of social life. Were the every-day enjoyments of many of our pious, intelligent and affectionate families faithfully portrayed, they would exceed, in moral heroism, interest, and romance, most of the productions of the pen of fiction. The social well being of society rests on our homes, and what are foundation stones of our homes but woman's care and devotion?

A good mother is worth an army of acquaintances, and a true-hearted, noble minded sister is more precious than the "dear five hundred friends."

Those who have played round the same doorstep, basked in the same mother's smile, in whose veins the same blood flows, are bound by a sacred tie that can never be broken. Distances may separate—quarrels may occur, but those who have a capacity to love any thing, must have at times a bubbling up of fond recollections, and a yearning after the joys of by-gone days. Every woman has a mission on earth. There is "something to do" for every one—a household to put in order, a child to attend to, some class of unfortunate, degraded or homeless humanity to befriend. That soul is poor, indeed, that leaves the world without having exerted an influence that will be felt for good after she has passed away.

There is little beauty in the lives of those women who are drawn into the gay circles of fashionable life, whose arena is public display, whose nursery is their prison. At home, in the inner sanctuary of home life, woman appears in her true glory.

ARMY BEEF.—The following lines—old, but good—were brought to mind upon examining a piece of salt beef recently received from Washington:

"Old boss! old boss!! how come you here,
You've ploughed the turf for many a year;
Stood many a year of hard abuse,
But now packed down for soldier's use."

A DECIDED PROBABILITY.—The East Haddam (Conn.) Journal speaks of the finding of a skull on a well curb in the dooryard of one of the citizens of that town, and innocently remarks that "the person to whom the skull originally belonged is dead."

EMPLOYMENT FOR DEAF MUTES.—We have been requested to state that there are, in N. Y. City, several educated deaf mute young men, who find it impossible to get work at their trades, during these hard times. They would be glad to go into the country, and make themselves useful upon farms. Persons willing to make trial of one or more, are requested to write for further information to the Rev. Thos. Gallaudet, No. 9 West 18th Street, New York.—Tri-States, N. Y. Union.



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